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THE BATTLE-FIELD OF FORT DONELSON.

Narrative Sermon preached in Unity Church, Chicago, by the pastor, Rev. ROBERT COLLYER, on Sunday, March 2, 1862.

I PROPOSE to speak to you this morning about the battle-field at Fort Donelson; of those that are alive and well there, those that are wounded and sick, and those that are dead. I do this because the subject fills my heart and mind above all others at this time; because you have a right to expect your pastor to tell you what reason justified him in leaving your church vacant last Sunday, without asking your permission; because I know nothing can be of so much interest to you as the story of my week's experience; and, finally, because the thing itself teaches the real divinity and gospel of the time.

It was natural, when the news was flashed into our city, that the great battle, as fierce for the number engaged in it and as protracted as Waterloo, was turned into a transcendent victory; and when bells were ringing, banners waving, men shaking hands everywhere, and breaking into a laughter that ended in tears, and into tears that

ended in laughter, — that we should all remember that this victory had been won at a terrible price; and that those bells, so jubilant to us, would be remembered by many a wife as the knell that told her she was a widow, by Rachels weeping for their children, and by desolate Davids uttering the old bitter cry, "Would to God I had died for thee, my son, my son!"

And it was natural, too, that we should remember, that there, on that battle-field, must be vast numbers, friends and foes, alike suffering great agonies, which we could do some small thing to mitigate, if we could only get there with such medicines and surgery, refreshment and sympathy, as God had poured into the bosom of our great city, pressed down, shaken together, and running over.

Sydney Smith has said that there would be a great many more Good Samaritans in the world than there are, if we could be good Samaritans without the oil and the two pence. He might have said that there *are* a great many who give the oil and the two pence as gladly and readily as their great parabolic prototype; and it was a fine illustration of the sort of life we live almost unconsciously in these distant centres of a new civilization, that a great meeting should gather itself together without effort, provide the oil and the two pence in a wonderful plenty, find a great company of surgeons and others ready to leave every sort of indispensable work that they could not possibly have left the day before, and see them away on the very first train that started in the direction of the battle-field after we got the news of the victory.

Let me here point out the striking fact in our human nature, that while we are constantly inventing excuses why we will not do this thing or that, and putting the yoke of oxen or the piece of land we have just bought, or the wife we have just married or are about to marry, in the way

of all sorts of divine things, there comes some great sweeping sorrow or joy, with its consequent duty, once and again in our life, before which our excuse goes down like a wall of cards. We can resist the marriage-supper; but a city afire, a great victory that will tell on the fate of the nation for all time to come, our own child in a fever, or a man buried in a well just as we are going past, flames over all excuses to the sound-hearted man or woman. God seems to deal with us at such moments as we deal with our children after a long perversity. He sets us down in some place with a touch we know it is impossible to resist; and seems to say to us, "Now, sir, stand just there, and do just so."

It seems a trifle to mention, and I would pass it over, if I thought that reading about it would give you the sense of it; but it was not so with me, and I suppose is not with the most of you. You go down Lake Street over a deep, solid ice, take your seat in the cars, race over great dreary reaches of snow-clad "prairie" and ice-bound waters, to step at last from the car into deep, soft mud, at the end of this wonderful iron road, and not a vestige of ice or snow is to be seen. It was the first time in my life that I got a clear realization of parallels of latitude. Our great desire, of course, was to get to Fort Donelson and to our work in the shortest possible time; and I am sure you will not thank me for a full account of Cairo, historical and descriptive. I will merely say, when you want to solicit a quiet place of retirement in the summer, do not even go to look at Cairo. I assure you, it will not suit. It is notable here only for being the first point where we met with traces of the great conflict. The first I saw were three or four of those long boxes, that hold only and always the same treasure: these were shells nailed together by comrades in the camp, I suppose, to send some brave man home. As I went past one lying on the sidewalk in the dreary rain and mud, I

read on a card the name of a gallant officer who had fallen in the fight; and, as I stood for a moment to look at it, the soldier who had attended it came up, together with the brother of the dead man, who had been sent for to meet the body. It seemed there was some doubt whether this might not be some other of the half-dozen who had been labelled at once; and the coffin must be opened before it was taken away.

I glanced at the face of the living brother as he stood and gazed at the face of the dead; but I must not desecrate that sight by a description. He was his brother beloved, and he was dead; but he had fallen in a great battle, where treason bit the dust, and he was faithful unto death. He must have died instantly; for the wound was in a mortal place, and there was not one line or furrow to tell of a long agony, but a look like a quiet child, which told how the old confidence of Hebrew David, "I shall be satisfied when I wake in Thy likeness," was verified in all the confusion of the battle. God's finger touched him, and he slept; and —

> "The great intelligences fair
> That range above our mortal state,
> In circle round the blessed gate,
> Received, and gave him welcome there."

One incident I remember, as we were detained at Cairo, that gave me a sense of how curiously the laughter and the tears of our lives are blended. I had hardly gone a square from that touching sight, when I came across a group of men gathered round a soldier wounded in the head. Nothing would satisfy them but to see the hurt; and the man, with perfect good nature, removed the bandage. It was a bullet-wound, very near the centre of the forehead; and the man declared the ball had flattened, and fallen off. "But," said a simple man eagerly, "why didn't the ball go into

your head?" — "Sir," said the soldier proudly, "my head's too hard: a ball can't get through it!"

A journey of one hundred and sixty miles up the Ohio and Cumberland rivers brought us to Fort Donelson; and we got there at sunset. I went at once into the camp, and found there dear friends who used to sit in these pews, and had stood fast through all the thickest battle. They gave us coffee, which they drank as if it were nectar, and we as if it were senna.

A body of men drew up to see us, and demanded the inevitable "few remarks:" and we told them through our tears how proud and thankful they had made us, and what great tides of gladness had risen for them in our city, and wherever the tidings of victory had run; and how our hands gave but a feeble pressure, our voices but a feeble echo, of the mighty spirit that was everywhere reaching out to greet those that were safe, to comfort the suffering, and to sorrow for the dead.

The "own correspondents" of the newspapers describe Fort Donelson just as if a man should say that water is a fluid, or granite a solid. I have seen no printed description of it that will make a picture in the mind. I think there is a picture graven on some silent soul, that will get itself printed some time. But it took years to get a word-picture of Dunbar, and it may take as long to get one of Donelson. If you take a bow, and tighten the string until it is very much over-bent, and lay it down on a table, with the string toward you, it will give a faint idea of the breast-works; the river being to them what the cord is to the bow. At the right-hand corner, where the bow and cord join, is the famous water-battery, commanding a straight reach in the river of about a mile, where the gun-boats must come up; and at the other end of the cord, up the river, lies the town of Dover.

It was my good fortune to go over the entire ground with a number of our friends, and to wander here and there alone at rare moments beside. The day I spent there was like one of our sweetest May-days. As I stood in a bit of secluded woodland, in the still morning, the spring birds sang as sweetly, and flitted about as merrily, as if no tempest of fire and smoke and terror had ever driven them in mortal haste away. In one place where the battle had raged, I found a little bunch of sweet bergamot, that had just put out its brown-blue leaves, rejoicing in its first resurrection; and a bed of daffodils, ready to unfold their golden robes to the sun; and the green grass in sunny places was fair to see. But, where great woods had cast their shadows, the necessities of attack and defence had made one haggard and almost universal ruin, — trees cut down into all sorts of wild confusion, torn and splintered by cannon-ball, trampled by horses and men, and crushed under the heavy wheels of artillery. One sad wreck covered all.

Of course, it was not possible to cover all the ground, or to cut down all the trees. But here and there, where the defenders would sweep a pass, where our brave men must come, all was bared for the work of death; and, where the battle had raged, the wreck was fearful.

Our ever-busy Mother Nature had already brought down great rains to wash the crimson stains from her bosom; and it was only in some blanket cast under the bushes, or some loose garment taken from a wounded man, that these most fearful sights were to be seen. But all over the field were strewn the implements of death, with garments, harness, shot and shell, dead horses, and the resting-places of dead men. Almost a week had passed since the battle, and most of the dead were buried. We heard of twos and threes, and in one place of eleven, still lying where they fell; and, as we rode down a lonely pass, we came to one

waiting to be laid in the dust, and stopped for a moment to note the sad sight. Pray look out from my eyes at him as he lies where he fell. You see by his garb that he is one of the Rebel Army; and, by the peculiar marks of that class, that he is a city rough. There is little about him to soften the grim picture that rises up before you, as he rests in perfect stillness by that fallen tree; but there is a shawl, coarse and homely, that must have belonged to some woman; and —

> "His hands are folded on his breast:
> There is no other thing expressed,
> But long disquiet merged in rest."

Will you still let me guide you through that scene as it comes up before me? That long mound, with pieces of board here and there, is a grave; and sixty-one of our brave fellows rest in it, side by side. Those pieces of board are the gravestones, and the chisel is a black-lead pencil. The queer straggling letters tell you that the common soldier has done this, to preserve, for a few days at least, the memory of one who used to go out with him on the dangerous picket-guard, and sit with him by the camp-fire, and whisper to him, as they lay side by side in the tent through the still winter night, the hope he had before him when the war was over, or the trust in this comrade if he fell. There you see one large board, and in a beautiful flowing hand, "John Olver, Thirty-first Illinois:" and you wonder for a moment whether the man who has so tried to surpass the rest was nursed at the same breast with John Olver; or whether John was a comrade, hearty and trusty beyond all price.

And you will observe that the dead are buried in companies, every man in his own company, side by side; that the prisoners are sent out after the battle to bury their own dead; but that our own men will not permit them to

bury a fellow-soldier of the Union, but every man in this sacred cause is held sacred even for the grave.

And thus on the crest of a hill is the place where the dwellers in that little town have buried *their* dead since ever they came to live on the bank of the river. White marble and gray limestone and decayed wooden monuments tell who rests beneath. There stands a gray stone, cut with these home-made letters, that tell you how William N. Ross died on the twenty-sixth day of March, 1814, in the twenty-sixth year of his age; and right alongside are the graves, newly made, of men who died last week in a strife which no wild imagining of this native man ever conceived possible in that quiet spot. Here, in the midst of the cemetery, the rebel officers have pitched their tents; for the place is one where a commander can see easily the greater part of the camp. Here is a tent where some woman has lived, for she has left a sewing-machine and a small churn; and, not far away, you see a hapless kitten shot dead; and, everywhere, things that make you shudder, and fill you with sadness, over the wreck and ruin of war.

Here you meet a man who has been in command, and stood fast; and, when you say some simple word of praise to him in the name of all who love their country, he blushes and stammers like a woman, and tells you he tried to do his best: and, when we get to Mound City, we shall find a man racked with pain, who will forget to suffer in telling how this brave man you have just spoken to not only stood by his own regiment in a fierce storm of shot, but, when he saw a regiment near his own giving back because their officers showed the white feather, rode up to the regiment, hurled a mighty curse at those who were giving back, stood fast by the men in the thickest fight, and saved them; and, says the sick man with tears in his eyes, "I would rather be a private under him, than a captain under any other man!"

I notice one feature in this camp, that I never saw before: the men do not swear and use profane words as they used to do. There is a little touch of seriousness about them. They are cheerful and hearty; and, in a few days, they will mostly fall back into the old bad habit so painful to hear: but they have been too near to the tremendous verities of hell and heaven on that battle-field, to turn them into small change for every-day use just yet. They have taken the Eternal Name for common purposes a thousand times; and we feel as if we could say with Paul, "The times of this ignorance God passed by." But on that fearful day, when judgment-fires were all aflame, a voice said, "Be still, and know that I am God;" and they are still under the shadow of that awful name.

Now, friends, I can give you these hints and incidents, and many more if it were needful; but you must still be left without a picture of the battle-field, and I must hasten to the work we want to do. The little town of Dover was full of sick and wounded; and they, first of all, commanded our attention. I have seen too much of the soldier's life to expect much comfort for him; but we found even less than I expected among those who were huddled together there. There was no adequate comfort of any kind: many were laid on the floor, most were entirely unprovided with a change of linen, and not one had any proper nourishment. What we carried with us was welcome beyond all price. The policy of our commanders was to remove all the wounded on steamboats to Paducah, Mound City, and other places on the rivers; and it was a part of my duty, with several other gentlemen acting as surgeons and nurses, to attend one hundred and fifty-eight wounded men from Fort Donelson to Mound City.

I may not judge harshly of what should be done in a time of war like this in the West: it is very easy to be unfair.

I will simply tell you, that had it not been for the things sent up by the Sanitary Commission in the way of linen, and things sent by our citizens in the way of nourishment, I see no possibility by which those wounded men could have been lifted out of their bloodstained woollen garments saturated with wet and mud; or could have had any food and drink, except corn-mush, hard bread, and the turbid water of the river.

That long cabin of the steamboat is packed with wounded men, laid on each side, side by side, so close that you can hardly put one foot between the men to give them a drink or to cool their fearful hurts. Most of us have been hurt badly at some time in our life, and remember what tender and constant care we needed and got. If you will substitute a rather careless and clumsy man for the mother or wife who waited on you, and divide his time and attention among perhaps forty patients, you will be able to conceive something of what had been the condition of these poor travellers but for the Chicago Committee.

Here is one who has lost an arm, and there one who has lost a leg. This old man of sixty has been struck by a grape-shot, and that boy of eighteen has been shot through the lung. Here a noble-looking man has lived through a fearful bullet-wound just over the eye; and that poor German, who could never talk English so as to be readily understood, has been hit in the mouth, and has lost all hope of talking, except by signs.

That man with a shattered foot talks in the old dialect I spoke when I was a child; and, when I answer him in his own tongue, the words touch him like a sovereign medicine.

The doctor comes to this young man, and says quietly, "I think, my boy, I shall have to take your arm off;" and he cries out in a great agony, "O dear doctor! do save

my arm!" and the doctor tells him he will try a little longer; and, when he has gone, the poor fellow says to me, "What *shall* I do if I lose my arm? I have a poor old mother at home, and there is no one to do any thing for her but me."

That man, who has lost his arm, is evidently sinking. As I lay wet linen on the poor stump, he tells me how "he has a wife and two children at home, and he has always tried to do right and to live a manly life." The good simple heart is clearly trying to balance its accounts before it faces the great event which it feels to be not far distant. As I go past him, I see the face growing quieter; and at last good Mr. Williams, who has watched him to the end, tells me he put up his one hand, gently closed his own eyes, and then laid the hand across his breast, and died.

That boy in the corner, alone, suffers agony such as I may not tell. All day long, we hear his cries of pain through half the length of the boat; far into the night, the tide of anguish pours over him: but at last the pain is all gone; and he calls one of our number to him, and says, "I am going. I want you to please write a letter to my father: tell him I owe such a man two dollars and a half, and such a man owes me four dollars; and he must draw my pay, and keep it all for himself." Then he lay silently a little while, and, as the nurse wet his lips, said, "Oh, I should so like a drink out of my father's well!" and, in a moment, he had gone where angels gather immortality, —

"By Life's fair stream, fast by the throne of God."

And so all day long, with cooling water and soft linen, with morsels of food and sips of wine, with words of cheer and tender pity to every one, and most of all to those that were in the sorest need, we tried to do some small service for those that had done and suffered so much for us. Some

are dead, and more will die; and some will live, and be strong men again: but I do not believe that one will forget our poor service in that terrible pain; while to us there came such a reward in the work as not one of us ever felt before, and we all felt that it was but a small fragment of the debt we owed to the brave men who had given life itself for our sacred cause.

Two or three things came out of this journey to the battle-field, that gave me some new thoughts and realizations. And first, in all honor, I realized more fully than you can do, that, in those victories of which Fort Donelson is the greatest, we have reached not only the turning-point, as we hope, of this dreadful war, but we have plucked the first-fruits of our Western civilization. I am not here to question for one moment the spirit and courage of our brothers in the East: the shade of Winthrop, noblest and knightliest man, the peer of Arthur for truth, of Richard for courage, and of Sidney for gentleness, would rise up to rebuke me. Ball's Bluff was worse than Balaklava as a criminal blunder, and equal to it in every quality of steady, hopeless courage. America will never breed a true man who will not weep as he reads the story of those hapless Harvard boys, whose clear eyes looked out at death steadily to the last, and who scorned to flinch.

But here, on our own Western prairies and in our backwoods, we have been raising a new generation of men, whose name we never mentioned, under new influences, whose bearing we did not understand; and, the first time they could get a fair field and no favor, they sprang into the foremost soldiers in the land.

Good elderly New-England ministers of our own faith have made it a point to speak, in Eastern conventions, of our hopeless struggle with the semi-savagery of these mighty wildernesses. My dear doctor, that boy of eighteen

what that means in New England, — they all chanted together the Lord's Prayer, with which they have frequently closed the school during my absence of ten months. They seemed both to understand and to feel it; and I think that the angels heard them. I asked the head native teacher (Mr. Dwarka Nauth Singhee, who had led them in the prayer) to go on with them as he had been used to when I was away. He next called on the assembly for "*what we all believe.*" To this every voice responded, in good, clear English sounds, —

> "The earth shall own, untrod
> By sect or caste or clan,
> The Fatherhood of God,
> The brotherhood of man."

Dwarka Nauth went on to say, "that there are a number of hymns [Christian hymns] which the school repeat simultaneously, if you wish to hear them." — "Not now," I replied; "but ask the school, in Bengali, so that the youngest pupil shall understand the question, whether they wish me to read them a story about a Christian boy, who, though poor and sick, had learned of Jesus how to do good, and whose widowed mother loved the Bible above all things else." — "All who had *rather not hear it*, because it is about Jesus and the Bible and Christian mission-work, will lift their hands." Not a hand was raised. "All who wish to hear how a poor, sick, Christian child did much good through his love of God, and became a boy-missionary, will lift their hands." *Every hand up.* So I began, and read the first chapter; which was promptly turned into Bengali by Mr. Singhee. I trust that most of the boys and girls in our Sunday schools have read "*The Boy-Missionary*, a Tale for the Young, by Mrs. J. N. Parker," — a little work full of practical suggestions of gospel well-doing, and one of the sort of books that Mr.

Gangooly ought to be translating for us. A *viva-voce* and idiomatic translation of it is now being given to the school at the rate of one chapter a day. And may I commend a reperusal of this book to such on your side of the globe as wish to have some distinct notion of the proximately *religious* character of the instruction offered by us to the sons of idolatrous Hindoos (many of whom are led to worship in their homes, as our dear Philip Gangooly did, in his earlier life, the foul and obscure *Linga*), and offered, too, in the "down-stairs" hall of the mission-house, where we attempt no *direct* indoctrination, but move gently on in the spirit of the wisdom of our truly reverend friend and adviser, John James Tayler, of the London University? On the twenty-seventh page of the Tenth Report of our Mission (which I trust no *privateer* interruption has prevented from reaching our American friends ere this, from London), OUR "*father Tayler*" says, "I cannot but think, therefore, that you are taking the right course, in devoting the main strength of your mission to the extension and perfection of native schools; not, of course, withholding such direct religious instruction as the people are disposed freely to seek, and as their acquaintance with Christian literature must dispose them more and to seek," &c., &c.

What I wished to say, then, first of all, was simply this: that I look up to God in sincerest adoration and thanksgiving, in view of the fact, that, on the very *first* Sunday after my return (being yesterday), I was able, *besides* conversing with several natives at the mission-house (attracted thither, as I perceive, by Mr. Gangooly's invitations to Bible-inquiry, or say *gospel*-study), to hold a morning-service, with sermon and a christening, at the convenient residence of our good friends the Ledlies, in Fairlie Place. And now, on the closing of the *first school-day* after my return from England, (would God it could have been from

America!) I find myself leading towards God, through the only true way, — the spirit and love of Jesus Christ, — more than one hundred and fifty Hindoos. Does not this justify a hallelujah-hope of a happy New Year for the Indian Mission, in spite of the fact, that —

"Earth is all in arms abroad"?

Your brother, DALL.

UNITARIAN CHURCH IN TORONTO.

TORONTO, C.W., 18th February, 1862.

Rev. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

I HAVE been requested to convey to the Executive Committee of the A.U.A. the sincere thanks of our "Christian Union" for the generous donation of books and tracts which we have recently received. I beg leave to do so through the medium of your "Journal," and, at the same time, to say a few words about the condition and prospects of our "cause" in Western Canada. . . .

The trustees of our church, for the year 1861, have just published their "report." They "congratulate their fellow-worshippers on the present improved condition of the society." At the commencement of the year, "they found many discouraging circumstances before them." The principal of these was the financial embarrassment of the society; and the question of reducing its encumbrances soon "became a subject of serious deliberation." The chief encumbrance was a mortgage-debt of $2,000 on the church, already past maturity. It was decided to make an appeal to our friends in Montreal and Ottawa, and also in the United States. In this connection, special mention should be made of the most fraternal and generous spirit manifested

by Mr. Cordner's Society in Montreal. I paid them a visit last spring, and in a few days received aid for our church to the amount of $628. It seemed difficult to decide to whom I owed the larger share of gratitude, — to pastor or people; for they appeared to vie with each other in deeds of kindness. God bless them all! Our brethren in Ottawa, and in Burlington, Vt., also responded to our appeal "with generous liberality; but, owing to the unfortunate circumstance of the breaking-out of civil war in the United States, no hopes could be entertained of success in that country." We were thus obliged to turn our attention to "the mother country;" whence, by dint of personal solicitation, we received "such an amount of pecuniary assistance as has enabled us to pay $1,883.33 of our mortgage-debt; leaving only $116.67 due thereon." For the success of our appeal to the Liberal Christians of Great Britain and Ireland, we are greatly indebted to Professor Hincks, of the University of Toronto; to Rev. W. H. Channing, then of Liverpool; to Rev. Mr. Marshall, the editor of the "London Inquirer;" and to the British and Foreign Unitarian Association for a subscription of thirty pounds *sterling* from its funds.

Our trustees also state, that "by other arrangements, put into operation since the return of our pastor, we have paid $109.75 of the floating-debts; and there are, in course of realization, measures that will, we hope, eventually extinguish all our liabilities, and leave us, within a little more than two years from this date, entirely free from debt."

The zeal and self-sacrifice of some of our members are certainly most commendable; but I must confess I am less sanguine in this matter than our trustees appear to be. That the American Association was unable to afford us aid toward our current expenses for the past year, you are well aware; but, unless our brethren *somewhere* feel moved to lend our congregation a helping hand for a year or two

longer, I cannot conceive how the oppressive burden is to be borne by the "little flock" here. The sum of $1,200 is needed for the present year; and we have only about forty names to look to for this amount.

Men who, in view of all this, can still say, "Under these circumstances, we would thank God, and take courage; resolved to sow the good seed, not doubting that in due season we shall reap, if we faint not," — must certainly be in earnest. Some of our number have feared that the sympathies of the American Unitarian Association may have been alienated by the recent unfortunate war-excitement in England and Canada. I trust, however, that we may still rest assured of the hearty God-speed of every Liberal brother "across the line;" and of not only the sympathy, but also the ready assistance, of the American Unitarian Association, should its funds admit of such aid. This is a great field for *workers* in our cause. Both at Hamilton and at Ottawa, a Liberal society ought to be organized at once; and in various places throughout the Provinces are numbers of Unitarians and other Liberal Christians, who should be sought out, and made to feel that they are not wholly severed from our fellowship and communion. As soon as the American Unitarian Association finds itself in a position again to encourage *missionary* labor, I trust that Western Canada will receive its due share of attention. In the winter season, I am one hundred and ten miles distant from the nearest Unitarian brother-minister; and I should like amazingly to feel as if I were *co-operating with somebody*.

Fraternally yours, J. K. K.

[Note. — The above letter shows what our brethren scattered abroad need, and what they are willing to do for themselves. We can help them when our churches are agreed to make *regular* contributions every year to the American Unitarian Association, and not before. — Ed.]

THE "ROCK OF AGES."

THE "Rock of Ages," and more particularly its seventh chapter, was written to convince us, "that Scripture, in the Old and the New Testament alike, assures us, that in the trustful knowledge of one God — the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost — is the spiritual life of man, now and for ever."

Perhaps the author is right; but I do not believe God has changed his economy *now* from what it used to be when Jesus declared, "Call no man your father upon the earth; for one is your Father, which is in heaven" (Matt. xxiii. 9). "It is my Father that honoreth me; of whom ye say, he is your God" (John viii. 54). "I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God" (John xx. 17). "And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent" (John xvii. 3).

Certainly the Scriptures do not teach that the spiritual life of man used to be in any such absurdity, but rather in the hearty reception of this truth: "There is one God, and there is none other but he" (Mark xii. 32); and this certainly will be the belief of all when men shall submit to the voice from heaven, saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased: *hear ye him.*" This is the text which is to me of more power than all the two hundred pages of the "Rock of Ages;" than all the statements of doctrine in Christendom. It is the rock upon which I build my faith in "*both the Father* and the Son."

That trustful knowledge of one God in three, and three in one, affords me no spiritual life whatever, as it seems

bad philosophy, and contains no consolation, no glad tidings, no hope. Give me rather the simple faith of old, — "God is not a man that he should lie, neither the son of man that he should repent. Thou art God alone." "Even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God." "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" — "Is any thing too hard for the Lord?" — "Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?"

Once drive me from the thought, "I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour," and I know no reasoning, no scripture, which could limit me to three persons in the Godhead; and if to three, "Who are the three?" would be the next question. Destroy the Unity of God, and tell me his plurality is three; and, by a process of reasoning similar to that in the "Rock of Ages," I can easily show teachers of the blessed Trinity have "limited the Holy One of Israel."

"Hear, O Israel! the Lord our God is one Lord," explained away, making the one God "a kind of copartnership," as one Trinitarian explained it to be, — a kind of high court, I should call it, — would give me a basis for the scriptural argument, "God is one: he is seven, — seven in one." Who are the seven in one?

First, who are the three? This is nowhere asserted; but first assumed, and then proved by a peculiar arrangement and assorting of texts by those declaring it.

Now, Abraham might be, by parity of reasoning, one of the three, and Paul another, and Moses the third; thus: —

Matt. xxiii. 9: "One is your *Father*, which is in heaven."

Matt. iii. 9: "Think not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our *father;* for I say unto you, that

God [explanation: that is to say, Abraham] is able to raise up children unto Abraham."

Gen. xviii. 12: Sarah recognized him as her lord.

John viii. 39: "They answered and said unto him, *Abraham* is our father. Jesus saith unto them, If ye were Abraham's children, ye would do the works of Abraham."

John viii. 17, 18: "The testimony of two *men* is true. I am *one* that bear witness of myself, and the *Father* that sent me beareth witness of me" [explanation: therefore God must be a man].

Rom. iv. 16: "Abraham, who is the *father of us all*."

Luke xvi. 23–25, 27: "And in hell he lifted up his eyes, . . . and seeth *Abraham* afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried, and said, *Father Abraham, have mercy on me*. . . . But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented. . . . . Then he said, I *pray thee*, father, that thou wouldst send him to my father's house," &c.

Heaven is God's throne. God is judge himself (Ps. l. 6).

John xx. 17: "I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God."

Reasons. — Now, seeing Abraham knew how Lazarus had passed his life on earth, he must be omnipresent. Seeing he judged Lazarus, and heard his prayers, he must be God. Seeing he had power to send messengers even from the dead, Abraham must be God: no one else can do wondrous works.

Again: Paul must be God, because he holds himself up as guide, saying, "Be ye followers of me" (1 Cor. iv. 16; 1 Cor. xi. 1); and soon again says, "Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children."

Ps. xlviii. 14: "For this God is our God for ever and ever: he will be our *guide even unto death*."

1 Thess. ii. 13 : Paul writes thus to the Thessalonians: "When ye received the word of God which ye heard of us, ye received it not as the *word of men*, but as it *is in truth* the word of God."

1 Cor. v. 3: "I verily, as absent in body but present in spirit, have judged already, as though I were present, concerning him that hath so done this deed."

1 Tim. i. 20: "Whom I have delivered unto Satan, that they may learn not to blaspheme."

Acts xiv. 9–11: Paul healed a cripple, and wrought special miracles, — evidence of his divine power.

Dan. iii. 29: "No other God can deliver after this sort."

Isa. xlv. 29: "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else."

Isa. xlii. 8: "I am the Lord; that is my name: and *my glory* will I not give to another."

Finally, Moses must be God; because Moses wrote (Exod. xxxiv. 28) the Ten Commandments, which were (xxxi. 18) "written with the finger of God."

John i. 17: "The law was given by Moses."

Matt. xix. 8: "*Moses*, because of the hardness of your hearts, *suffered* you to put away your wives; but, from the beginning, it was not so."

Deut. xi. 13, 14: "*Moses said*, And it shall come to pass, if ye shall hearken diligently unto *my commandments which I command you* this day, to love the Lord your God, and to serve him with all your heart and with all your soul, that *I will give you the rain of your land* in his due season, the first rain and the latter rain, that thou mayest gather in thy corn and thy wine and thine oil."

Now, Moses could not make such a promise without he was God; and he, being the meekest man of all the earth, would not assume to do what he was not able to perform:

therefore Moses must be God. Now, that Moses and Paul and Abraham must be God is clear, because we have shown how each one must be; and God is *one*, though his plurality is shown in Gen. i. 26: "Let us make man in our image." Moreover the Lord appeared in the Plain of Mamre as *three men* (Gen. xviii. 2).

The Trinity is only once stated in the Bible, that I have been able to discover; and there it is very easily understood by all living Christians. John xiv. 20: "At that day ye shall know that *I* am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you;" three in one, — man, the Son of man, and God, — in one bundle of life. This is the *spiritual life* of man, *now and for ever:* this is the blessed Trinity the Scripture reveals to me.

Where the world's Trinity — the Trinity of to-day — is found in Scripture, I know not, unless it is hinted at in 2 Sam. xxiii. 19: "Was he not most honorable of three? therefore he was their captain. Howbeit, he attained not unto the first three."

I said my Trinity would consist of seven. Why not? Does not the fact of seven days in a week imply something? Why should the feasts last seven days, and one follow another in seven weeks? Why "sprinkle of the blood *seven times* before the Lord, before the veil of the sanctuary"? (Lev. iv. 6.)

Why should Balaam command (Num. xxiii. 1) Balak, "Build me here *seven* altars, and prepare me here seven oxen and seven rams"?

Why did Elijah's servant "go again *seven times*" before he saw the cloud arise like a man's hand?

Why did Naaman go and wash in Jordan seven times, even as the early disciples dipped three times in baptism?

Why did the *seven* priests bear before the ark *seven* trumpets of rams' horns, and on the seventh day compass

the city *seven* times at the fall of Jericho? Why did the candlestick have seven branches? What was the meaning of Zechariah's vision of "a candlestick, all of gold, with a bowl upon the top of it, and his *seven* lamps thereon, and *seven* pipes to the *seven* lamps?"

(1 Kings vi. 38; viii. 2) And what mean the seven years in building Solomon's Temple, and setting it up on the seventh month?

Why did the apostles choose *seven* men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, for deacons? Is it not explained in John's vision thus: "I turned to see the voice that spake with me; and, being turned, I saw *seven* golden candlesticks"? (Rev. i. 12.)

(Rev. i. 20) And is not this mystery of the *seven* stars and *seven* churches, this mysterious voice, the voice which said, "Let us make man in our image;" the voice which Adam heard walking in the garden; the voice of the Lord God (Gen. iii. 8); the voice of "the *seven spirits of God* sent forth into all the earth"? (Rev. v. 6.) "The *seven eyes*" God would have engraven on Joshua's stone (Zech. iii. 9); even as it is written, "The eyes of the Lord are in every place."

Paul seems to support this doctrine in his letter to Timothy, — "I charge thee before God and the Lord Jesus Christ and the elect angels;" and, if the Trinity is in Christ's teaching, certainly then *these angels* are recognized as sharing his Father's glory when he shall appear in his own glory (Luke ix. 26).

Surely, then, would we avoid Polytheism, we must not be fed with doctrine, but with the wholesome words of our Lord Jesus Christ; learning from his life how to trust in the one only true God, that we may delight in Paul's faith. There is none other God but one.

UNITARIAN METHODIST.

LETTER FROM IRELAND.

Consulate of the United States,
Belfast, Jan. 29, 1862.

Rev. James Freeman Clarke.

Dear Sir, — I left the United States on the 7th September in the steamship "Glasgow," and reached Cork on the 19th. Our voyage was pleasant enough, but stormy towards the last. When we reached Cork Harbor, we found the "Great Eastern" there; having been disabled in the same weather from which we suffered nothing. To me it was a great era in life to reach Belfast, and visit my relatives and friends; as I was born in this county.

I was invited to preach in the old Orthodox-Presbyterian Church where I was brought up; and had indeed a most affecting time, meeting the companions of my youth, from whom I had been separated twenty-five years.

Although closely engaged in the business of the consulate office, and pursuing my legal studies with assiduity, I am yet following my old practice, and preaching nearly every Sunday.

On the second sabbath after reaching Belfast, I supplied for Dr. Montgomery, who had been one of my teachers in youth. Since then, I have twice filled his pulpit. He lives in a beautiful village, four miles from Belfast; has a pleasant and most appreciating congregation, who are very wealthy, and most devoted to their venerable pastor. I have also preached for Rev. John Porter, whose house is well filled with a most respectable congregation.

We have the unusual sight of two Unitarian meeting-houses in the same lot, and two pastors (John Scott Porter and John Porter), cousins; but I am sorry to find that close neighborhood, relationship, and a common faith, all fail to

was born in the prairies, and went to meetings where you would have gone crazy with the noise of the mighty prayers and psalms; and he got the conversion which you do not believe in, and was a sort of Methodist or Baptist: but he stood like one of Napoleon's Old Guard through all the battle; and when he was shot down, and could fight no longer, his mighty spirit dragged the broken tabernacle into the bushes, and there he prayed with all his might, not for himself, but that the God of battles would give us the victory. That rough-looking man was wounded twice with ghastly hurts, and twice went from the surgeon back to the fight; and only gave up when the third shot crippled him beyond remedy.

"I saw those 'Iowa Second' boys come on to charge the breastworks," said our friend Col. Webster to us. "More than one regiment had been beaten back, and the fortunes of the day began to look very uncertain. They came on steadily, silently, through the storm of shot, closing up as their comrades fell: and without stopping to fire a single volley that might thin the ranks of the defenders, and make some gap by which they might pour into the fortress, they went down into the ditch, and clean over the defences; and there they staid in spite of all."

One quiet-looking officer saw his company sorely thinned in the beginning of the day; and, that the cause might have one more arm, he took musket and ammunition from one who could use them no more, and fought at the head of his company, shot for shot, all day long: and, as a wounded soldier told me this through his pain, he added, "I tell you, sir, if that man ever runs for an office, I'll vote for him, sure."

Secondly, From all these experiences, I have got a fresh conviction of the great mystery of the shedding of blood

for salvation. We have been accustomed, especially in Unitarian churches, to consider Paul's ideas about blood-shedding as the fruit of his education under a sacrificial Judaism; and that, again, as a twin-sister of barbarism: but as I went over this battle-field, and thought on the dead heroes and of all they died for, I kept repeating over each one, "He gave his life a ransom for many;" and I wondered, when I thought of how we had all gone astray as a people, and how inevitable this war had become, in consequence, as the final test of the two great antagonisms, whether it may not be true in our national affairs as in a more universal sense, — "without the shedding of blood, there is no remission of sins." And so, by consequence, every true hero fallen in this struggle for the right is also a savior to the nation and the race.

Finally, I came to feel a more tender pity for the deluded men on the other side, and a more unutterable hatred of that vile thing that has made them what they are. On all sides I found young men, with faces as sweet and ingenuous as the faces of our own children, as open to sympathy, and, according to their light, as ready to give all they had for their cause.

I felt like weeping to see children of our noble mother so bare and poor and sad; to see their little villages, so different from those where the community is not tainted by the curse and proscription of human bondage; and I felt more deeply than ever before, how for the sake of those men, who, in spite of all, are our brothers, this horrible curse and delusion of slavery ought to be routed utterly out of the land.

AM I A JEW?

These are the words of Pontius Pilate, addressed to Jesus; and it is as though he said, "I am no Jew, and have nothing to do with any Jewish prejudice against you. I know nothing about them. You can speak to me plainly. I merely wish to know the facts."

But we may ask the question in another sense. What is my relation to Judaism? How far, as a Christian, must I also be a Jew? The Jewish Bible — must I believe that? The Jewish history — must I accept that as authentic? The Jewish law — what is that to me? The Jewish saints — how far must I respect them? The Jewish religion — what has it to do with Christianity?

These are important questions. Christianity, at first, was planted in Judaism. Its founder, and all its first teachers, were Jews. The first converts were Jews. Judaism was the soil from which it grew. And owing to these circumstances, and others, there is no doubt that the Christian Church has always Judaized in one respect or in another. It has borrowed its doctrines, or its ceremonies, or its ideas, more or less, from Judaism; and, in doing this, it may have narrowed itself. It is, therefore, well to know the relations of the two systems; to see how far it is right to believe in Judaism, and how far wrong.

I. The Jewish Bible.

First, therefore, as regards the Jewish Bible. Must I believe that? And to this we must answer, that the Old Testament is not *our* Bible. As Christians, we are only bound by the New Testament. The Old Testament was for the Jews; and we are not Jews. If it be said that Christ and his apostles have ascribed inspiration to the

writings of Moses and the prophets, *that* may be true, and may show that they contain truth, but does not give them authority over our faith. Nothing can be more certain than that the Christian Scriptures alone possess *authority* for Christians. The two religions are not identical, but different. Therefore, the books which teach the one will not teach the other. If the Jewish Scriptures do not teach a false religion, they certainly teach an imperfect religion; and, "when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away." We are not, therefore, to find, in the Old Testament, authority for Christian doctrine. We often hear texts from Moses or Isaiah brought forward to prove the doctrine of the Trinity or the Atonement; but they have not, and cannot have, any authority.

But while we deny, to the Old Testament, authority over Christian faith, we do not deny its utility as a source of improvement, and means of instruction. "*All* scripture given by inspiration is profitable for doctrine, reproof, correction, instruction in righteousness." The Jewish Scripture is not authoritative; but it is profitable. Who can read the Psalms or the prophecies, without feeling that they are filled with profound religious life; that they come from a deep religious experience; that they are instinct with an inspiration, second only to that of John and Paul?

> "Out of the heart of Nature rolled
> The burdens of the Bible old;
> The litanies of nations came,
> Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
> Up from the burning core below,
> The canticles of joy and woe."

Our conclusion, then, in regard to the Jewish Bible, is, that, for the Christian, it has no authority, but a great deal of use, interest, profit, and edification.

II. The Jewish History.

Then as regards the Jewish history, or the contents of the historical books of the Old Testament: how far are we bound to believe their statements? We find, for example, a controversy, between geology and the Book of Genesis, as regards the age of the earth; and another controversy as regards the extent of the Deluge. We find historical difficulties, in relation to the dates, in the Book of Chronicles. We find astronomical difficulties in the account of the sun standing still at the command of Joshua, and physiological difficulties in relation to the whale and Jonah. How far are we bound to set aside the testimony of these sciences, and accept that of the historical books of the Old Testament? My answer to this question would be, that the Bible, on these points, has the authority which belongs to a generally authentic history, and no more. Historical books like these, which belong to the religion of a nation, are likely to be guarded with more care, and to be kept more free from errors, than any common history; but they are not necessarily infallible. No one can certainly say that such miracles as those of Jonah and Joshua were *not* wrought. If we believe in miracles at all, any miracle is possible; and we cannot say that there might not have been a reason even for such as these. But, on the other hand, we are not bound to believe them because they are in these books. We do not know, certainly, who were the writers of those histories; how they were put together, or by whom they have been kept, and taken care of. There are texts in the Old Testament which say that the sun moves, and that the earth stands still; and, on the strength of those texts, theologians opposed the Copernican system. But no theologian opposes the Copernican system *now* on

that ground. God's revelations in Nature, on this point, are much clearer and more convincing than any revelations in the Old Testament. And so it will probably be with the present conflict between Genesis and geology. Geology will get the better of Genesis, not because men grow less religious, and have less respect for revelation; but because they find revelations in Nature no less than in Scripture, and learn to explain that which is more obscure by that which is more plain.

III. The Jewish Saints.

Again, as regards the saints of the Old Testament: am I bound to reverence them? Must I take the characters of Moses and David and Jacob as specimens of Christian virtue? or may I judge them and their conduct by the rules of ordinary morality? The answer to this question is very simple. We must not allow our ideas of right and wrong to be perverted because a halo of reverence has been thrown around the memories of these great men. If Moses was a man of violent passions, as appears evident from his biography, we must not call *that* meekness because it has been the custom to do so. If the great fault of Job was *im*patience, — unwillingness to wait until he could understand the meaning of Providence, — we must not call *that* patience. If Jacob was tricky and cunning and false, we must call these qualities by their right names. If David committed a mean and cruel murder, let us admit that fact, even though he be called the man after God's own heart. Let the truth prevail, though the heavens fall. But the result will be a better and deeper, because more intelligent, reverence for the grandeur and nobleness of these characters, when we have brushed away this misty reverence which now surrounds their names. They were

not saints, any of them. They had nothing saintly about them. They had no monkish virtues, no puritanic holiness; but they were strong, natural men, full of heroic qualities, — their faults mostly those of their time, their virtues mostly their own. How deeply interesting the character of Job! — so full of a noble pride and the consciousness of integrity; with such a strong sense of truth, and hatred of falsehood; determined not to speak "words of wind" or empty flattery, even on behalf of Jehovah. And how touching the character and life of David, — that creature of impulse, that soul of fire, — so full of generosity toward his enemies, fidelity toward his friends! with a heart capable of such trusting confidence in God, and such deep affection for those he loved, that the plaintive expression of these sentiments has taken captive the heart of mankind. His impulsive nature carried him into one great crime, for which he greatly suffered and deeply repented. David makes a very bad saint; but, as a man, he will stand the object of love and compassion through all time.

IV. The Jewish Sabbath.

But there is nothing of Judaism which has been more universally adopted by Christians than the Jewish sabbath. Therefore we must ask, "Am I a Jew, or not, in relation to the sabbath?" It is a curious fact, that though Christians keep the first day of the week, and not the seventh, they still persist in calling it a sabbath.* They keep the first day of the week sacred, on the authority of the commandment, given by Moses to the Jews, directing them to keep the seventh day sacred; and although Moses

* Except the Italians, who call Saturday *Il Sabbato;* and Sunday, *La Domenica*, or the Lord's Day.

distinctly says, "The *seventh* day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God," Christians call the first day the sabbath. All the rest of the ceremonial ordinances given to the Jews they reject, and consider them to be repealed by the gospel; but this one is allowed to stand. Neither Christ nor his apostles have anywhere commanded keeping either the seventh day or the first day as holy time: on the contrary, all that was said or done by them, in relation to the sabbath, was in opposition to its Jewish observance. One of the chief charges against Jesus was, that he was a sabbath-breaker. In saying that "the sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath," he transferred its observance, at once, from the ground of duty to that of expediency. In saying that "the Son of man was Lord of the sabbath," he justified himself and his disciples in keeping it no longer. When the early Christians took the first day of the week, instead of the seventh, as their time of meeting together in remembrance of Christ, they showed that they considered the sabbath to be abolished for them. It is true that the Jewish Christians, generally, continued for some time to keep the sabbath. But then they kept the first day *also* as a day of meeting together; which plainly shows that they did *not* transfer their sabbath-keeping from the seventh day to the first. They kept the seventh as Jews: they met on the first as Christians. And as all that is recorded of Jesus, in the Gospels, discourages sabbath-keeping; so all that is said by the apostles, in the Epistles, goes to discourage it too. The Apostle Paul wonders why the Galatians, after having known God, should turn back again to weak and beggarly elements, and desire again to be in bondage, observing days and months and times and years; and tells the Colossians, "Let no man judge you in meat, or in drink, or in respect

of a holy day, or of the new moon, or of THE SABBATH, which are but the shadows of the things to come."

Nothing can be wiser or better than to devote one day in seven to the improvement of the mind and heart; to meeting together for worship, meditation, and mutual instruction. It is a blessed thing to have this intermission in the tumult of life, — one time in which the working-man shall rest; in which the farmer and the mechanic shall put away their tools, the student close his books; and the hours be devoted to works of piety and charity, to family meetings, and the brotherly intercourse of Christians. Consecrate the seventh part of the time to the highest interests of humanity: but let it be done on right grounds, and in the right way; not as though we were Jews, but because we are Christians; not as though we were ordered by a positive command not to work, and to go to church on this particular day, but because Christian faith and Christian love move us to set apart this time for the highest ends.

But it is said that this is not safe. It is not safe to trust the observance of the Lord's Day to grounds of expediency, instead of positive law. But I ask, Is not *the truth* safe? and is not this the fact? Let us have a little confidence in truth and in human nature. At any rate, let us not tell lies for God. Let the observance of this day stand on the foundation where Jesus and the apostles left it, and then it will be observed more truly and livingly. It will be treated, not as a task, but as a joy; be kept, not in form, but in spirit; be loved and prized. Perhaps it will be kept differently from now. Christian meetings on this day, without being less in earnest, may become more free and cheerful. Christian recreation may occupy a part of the time, and Christian charity another.

But, not to dwell on this too long, may we not ask, whether something of the Jewish synagogue may not have crept into our modes of worship? Ecclesiastical writers tell us that Christian worship was copied from that of the synagogue, — copied, perhaps, too far. Certainly the apostles give us the picture of much freer and more social meetings than those we have at present. The early Christian meetings were those in which all took part; and they were thus brought into close relations to each other. The Christian Church then was not a congregation, meeting together in the same house to hear prayers and the sermon; it was not an audience merely, but a communion of minds and hearts, meeting together for mutual edification, for mutual consultation, for mutual action. It would be well for us if we could have less of the Jewish synagogue and the lyceum lecture, and more of that early, intimate communion and co-operation of souls.

And have we not also inherited in our theology some Jewish ideas which were intended to pass away? And especially have we not taken up into our theology a notion of sacrifice? All Pagan religions, in the days of Moses, were full of sacrifices, which constituted a kind of worship suited to an imperfect religion and an uncultivated state of mind. These sacrifices are visible prayers, a dramatized worship; and are well suited to strike the senses, and, more, the imagination. The man who has received a blessing brings a lamb, and gives it to God: it is a symbolized thanksgiving. He who *seeks* a blessing, offers up, in like manner, some valuable object: it is a present which he brings to the Deity. Just so, men, asking a boon of an Eastern prince, come with a present in their hands; and, if they have committed sin, their penitence expresses itself in a like manner, — seeking to conciliate by a gift

the injured party. Moses accepted this system, purified it from its abuses, explained its real meaning: and the prophets everywhere taught that God wished neither for sacrifices nor offerings; and that these were worth nothing, unless accompanied with sincerity of heart. But, with Christianity, this whole system passed away. The Jew or Gentile saw with surprise a religion without sacrifices, priests, altar, or temple. It seemed to them empty and cold; and therefore the writer to the Hebrews said, "We *have* a High Priest, an altar, a sacrifice, a temple. We have the reality, of which those were shadows; the substance, of which those were forms. All that the priest could do, and more, is done by Jesus. He not only intercedes for you with God; but he has passed into the heavens, and is at God's right hand. We have a sacrifice. Jesus is our Paschal Lamb of gratitude, our sin-offering of penance, our covenant victim, to make firm the new bond between man and God. His blood, more precious than that of lambs, has been shed for us. We have a temple: it is his body, the Church."

Now, these expressions, full of truth and life and heart, when thus spoken, have been taken by theologians, and hammered out into doctrines; and have so lost all their meaning and value. The truth of the heart has been turned into a lie for the intellect. The simple worship by sacrifices has been made a system of types; that is, too often, shams and falsehoods, — a worship of they know not what: and so we have imported into our theology a quantity of fine Jewish images, and applied them with a prosaic and bald literalness, which has spoiled them of their meaning.

But there is a deeper error than all this, and one which touches the very heart of religion. This is the question of the mode of forgiveness and salvation. But this opens too large a field for present discussion.

HINDOO MISSION.

Mission-House, Calcutta,
Jan. 6, 1862.

To the Secretary of the
American Unitarian Association.

Dear Sir and Brother, — Feeling, as you doubtless do quite as intensely as we at the antipodes, the staggering, stunning effect of the crises in history through which the world, and our American world especially, is just now passing, you will scarcely command patience enough to listen to the comparatively diminutive though quite critical events which just now mark the history of our mission. I promise, however, to do my best in stating, with necessary brevity, the present attitude of our affairs. First of all, I thank God that the mission is alive and strong and well. I have, and I think truly, once and again compared my position here — my too lonely position — to that of a man who has labored for years, single-handed, in the Tuckerman Ministry-at-Large, in — say Baltimore or St. Louis. His relations with his flock are so largely personal, that it is almost impossible to transfer them. "A stranger will they not follow." I fear that all would have gone to wreck during my absence, had it not been for the *form* which a directing Providence has given to our work in Calcutta during the last two years; viz., that of a mission-*school*, giving all of Christianity to its pupils (more than five hundred of whom have already come under our roof) which our best wisdom and fondest affection can win them daily *to ask for*. This *school* of the mission seems now even more flourishing than when I left it. Little short of a hundred and sixty boys and young men surrounded me to day, — the first day of the new term, — quite a number having not yet returned from the holidays. At the close of five hours of good common schooling, — we know

keep them fast in true friendship. You are, of course, aware of the ecclesiastical war now raging here in the presbytery of Antrim. It is, I think, now fully at its height. As a representative of the United States, I intend to take no part in this difficulty. I regret to see how much personal feeling has mixed itself up with the questions at issue.

I cannot myself see any good reason why a minister should hesitate to declare his belief in *one God*, in *the Messiahship of Christ*, and *in immortal life*. If that is a creed, it is at least one that I am willing to live and die by. I feel quite sure, however, that most of those who are opposing those simple statements of our faith are full believers in them, and only afraid of ecclesiastical bonds. I must say, that I was greatly grieved to find that the anti-slavery feeling here had given way to offence at the Morrill Tariff. I doubted very much the judiciousness of that measure, when passed. I doubt it yet; for it helped the South greatly abroad. I cannot, however, make any apology for a great and enlightened nation like England, who freed her own slaves, and was ever casting up slavery to us; who made almost an idol of Mrs. Stowe, and showed herself truly and sincerely to abhor human bondage. Now, when the life or death of slavery is the issue, for England and her people to desert us, and sympathize with the South, is deplorable indeed. I feel that it is a wrong to the noble spirits of America who are bearing the heat and burden of this day of toil. I feel it a most bitter disappointment personally. In my own history in Kentucky and Indiana, amid the toils of Western life, as an Irishman, I cherished, as my greatest pride, my very crown of boasting, that I, at least, had never succumbed to the wealth and power of slavery. Often did I think, that, if I ever saw England

again, I could proudly tell them, that, when in the midst of slavery, I was always its opponent. Alas! that is now no honor here. I have stood still; but public feeling here has turned. Great God, grant that the people of Great Britain may soon have their eyes opened to see the true course of duty!

If, by their aid or sympathy, slavery is now allowed to be established and confirmed as an independent nationality, then, in Reason's name, when, and by what power, is it ever to be overthrown? It has steadily grown strong, in defiance of civilization, the Bible, and all kindly persuasions.

When the slave-trade would be re-opened, and a new nation rise, founded upon tyranny and plunder, would it not become the scourge and terror of the civilized world?

My consular instructions forbid me from speaking to the people here on this subject, or writing about it. Oh, how I long to tell my friends my grief, that, when Liberty has come to the birth, they will not aid in her deliverance! If slavery is indeed to be built up by the help of Europe, a long and bitter repentance, when too late, will show the error of the policy.

I never was so intensely American as I am now. Now, indeed, I am trebly proud of my adopted country; for she has the mightiest army in the world, suffering and fighting for the perpetuation and establishment of human freedom. Let those hold back who please: I want to be known to future ages, if known at all, as one who gave his whole heart and soul to this struggle.

I rejoice, indeed, to see that my Unitarian friends are first in their noble efforts for their country.

I am yours most respectfully,

JOHN YOUNG.

CHURCHES UNITED.

LETTER FROM NORTH EASTON.

. . . In the number of the "Monthly Journal" just received there is an article on organization, which revived thoughts I have often had since my connection with Unitarians, that we need some united action which will engage the feelings of the lay-members of the different congregations, and form a more effectual bond of sympathy between many now widely scattered and unknown individuals, whose strength, if *brought out*, would be all in the direction of our mode of thought, and would both be increased, and be made serviceable to the cause, by opportunities of exchange.

The spring and autumn gatherings, pleasant and useful as they are, do not meet the want that is felt; being confined almost to the ministry, and being attended by all but a few of these, to be entertained and *ministered unto*, rather than with that feeling of individual responsibility which is so essential an element in Christian character and operations, and has been so fruitful of good in other forms of faith.

We do not want more *uniformity* of *opinion*, but more unity of heart and action; and some of us, to whom our Liberal faith is so dear, think that more frequent opportunities to strengthen each other's hands by mutual counsel and sympathy, unmixed by any desire to bind in the least the thoughts of any, would promote the interests, not of any *party*, but of *Christianity*.

I have often queried, whether the plan suggested, of a periodical meeting of lay-delegates from our societies, and all others interested on the broad platform of Christian

equality and liberty, to discuss, encourage, pray, or sing, would not bind us together, by bringing us to be more acquainted, and create a stronger attachment for our tone of thought in the large class, and the *increasing* class, who are dissatisfied with Orthodoxy, *but* who occupy a *negative* position, and whose power and influence are lost to the cause by a lack of concentrated effort, — a loss which reacts upon themselves, and aids the natural results, on social beings, of isolation.

Truly yours, C. C. H.

DONATION TO THE CALCUTTA MISSION.

The following needs a few words of explanation. Mr. Daniel Low, the writer, a citizen of New York, offered some years since to give a thousand dollars to the Unitarian Association, for a printing-press for our Calcutta Mission. He wished to do something for the mission; and was informed that this would be a desirable thing for them to have, and that the expense would be some fourteen or fifteen hundred dollars. He therefore offered a thousand dollars, on the condition that the additional four or five hundred dollars be obtained elsewhere. Subsequently, it appeared that a printing-press was not the thing required, as it would involve extra expenses for office, compositors, paper, &c., and also require a staff of writers to keep it supplied with matter. Consequently, the idea of a press was relinquished; but Mr. Low, with great liberality, agreed to give the sum he had before sent us, together with the interest accrued thereon, for the general objects of

the mission, provided that the additional four or five hundred dollars were secured within a certain time.

The Executive Committee, therefore, appointed two gentlemen of their number to solicit this additional sum, which they obtained with little difficulty from a few gentlemen and ladies; among whom we may mention Hon. Albert Fearing, William F. Weld, Esq., Edward Wigglesworth, Esq., Mrs. Augustus Hemmenway, Robert Waterston, Esq., the Misses Newman, Charles F. Hovey and Co., Hon. James Arnold of New Bedford, and the Misses Wigglesworth.

On communicating this result to Mr. Low, the following letter was received, which contains some hints and suggestions worth considering: —

New York, 12th March, 1862.

Rev. James Freeman Clarke.

My dear Sir, — Your favor of the 28th ult. duly came to hand; and I note with pleasure you had obtained four hundred and twelve dollars for the mission of Mr. Dall. I wish it could have been four times that sum. You will now dispose of the money I sent some two years ago in favor of the mission, as you think proper.

I think a great deal more money could be obtained for this mission, if an effort was properly made. I think, if you could insert in your "Monthly" some quotations from the letter of Mr. Dall which I sent you, especially where he states he had received more than two thousand letters from natives, and all but about a dozen in the English language, it would do good; for this shows that there are intelligent persons there seeking after the truth, which is very different from the case in most foreign missions. Converts are too often made of those seeking charity for the body rather than the soul. Could these matters be properly

brought before the New-England people, who have big hearts and souls when any good purpose is shown them, I cannot but think a good harvest would be obtained with a proper cultivation.

I am, dear sir, yours respectfully,

DANIEL LOW.

WANTS AND WAYS OF UNITARIANS.

[The following paragraphs are from the "Gospel Banner," Augusta, Me. They are written in consequence of a letter, recently published in our "Journal," advocating more organization among Unitarians. It is well "to see ourselves as others see us;" and a friendly notice like the following deserves our attention.]

THE Unitarians are strictly a *Congregational* people. The American Unitarian Association is an organization of ministers, of *men;* not of churches. Each one of their churches or congregations stands alone, not formally connected or associated with any other. The following extracts from a letter written by a Unitarian minister at the West, which we find in the "Monthly Journal," and the Editor's response to it, show that some of the Unitarians feel the need of a more efficient organization, — an organization of *churches* as well as ministers; and they seem to be contemplating a movement in this direction. Their desire is to effect an organization which shall be sufficiently liberal to include all who sympathize with them in the practical working of Christianity under their direction, but yet which shall not be sectarian in its character. Unitarian*ism* they find too small for them to work in. They wish to unite all the friends of liberal thought and humane endeavor, unembarrassed by the restraints and limits of a sect.

We wish our Unitarian friends success in this contemplated enterprise, so far as it can in any way be made to serve the interests of Christianity and of man. No people have done more than Unitarians to advance the humane and benevolent movements of the age; and they, if anybody, are entitled and qualified to lead in such a work as they propose. But we fear they will meet with many difficulties. It is hard organizing strict Congregationalism, and it is much harder organizing individualism. Either the organization will be so narrow as to cramp somebody, or so loose as to be inefficient. In avoiding Scylla, they are likely to run upon Charybdis. Perhaps, however, some golden mean can be found exactly suited to the nature of the present case. At any rate, the letter we copy, and accompanying notes, afford valuable suggestions to all who are studying the best means of giving practical direction to the liberal thought of the age.

VESPERS AND LITURGY.

[The following remarks are from the "New-York Tribune." We know nothing about the facts further than they are here presented. We think it is not true that Dr. Osgood's "Liturgy, or Book of Worship," is "unsatisfactory" to those who desire a liturgy. But there are many in all our churches, very strongly Congregational in their habits and associations, who wish no approach to Episcopacy.]

Vespers in the Unitarian Church. — About three years since, the Rev. Samuel Longfellow, of Brooklyn, introduced the vesper-service into his church in that city, and, at the request of his church, prepared and published a

little book of great simplicity and beauty. It has been a complete success, and, ever since its first introduction, has drawn such congregations, that his church has been filled to overflowing. Although Mr. Longfellow's health failed about two years since, compelling him to ask a dissolution of his pastoral connection with the church, — which was reluctantly granted, — the vesper-service is still retained by the church and their new minister (the Rev. Mr. Staples) with unabated interest. But this church and the Rev. Mr. Longfellow both being considered by some of the more conservative Unitarians a little heretical, it was thought best to prepare a more "christological" manual of devotion for this service, adding a liturgy, &c.; which has been done by two distinguished divines of the Unitarian Church (the Rev. Drs. Osgood and Farley). The publication of the book (within the last fortnight) has given rise to a warm discussion of its contents, in the "Christian Inquirer" (the weekly organ of the denomination), which would seem to show that the new book is quite unsatisfactory to most of those for whom it was intended. In the Rev. Dr. Farley's church, in Brooklyn, where it was sought to introduce it, the congregation, after a thorough consideration of the subject at one or two meetings, finally rejected the book by a vote of more than two to one, although the same meeting appointed a committee to prepare "a vesper-service book" for their use. We understand that the book was rejected on the ground chiefly that it held doctrines at variance with generally received Unitarian views of Christianity; and, while most of them desired a vesper-service, they did not want the liturgy. On the other hand, we believe the Rev. Dr. Osgood's church are using the new service-book with acceptance; though we are not sure that the church have adopted it permanently.

MEETINGS OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

March 10, 1862. — Present, Messrs. Hedge, Lincoln, C. W. Clark, J. F. Clarke, Brigham, Newell, Barrett, Stebbins, Hinckley, Winkley, Sawyer, and Fox.

The Committee appointed at the last meeting to collect funds for the India Mission, in accordance with the proposition of Mr. Daniel Low, reported that they had obtained the amount required, and thus secured for the mission over $1,500.* It was voted to send at once $500 of this sum to Mr. Dall, to aid in the support of his Mission School.

The Committee on the India Mission presented letters recently received from Rev. Mr. Dall and Messrs. Gangooly and Phipson, which were read to the Board. Several matters referred to in these letters, connected with the mission, were discussed, and acted upon.

A letter was read from Rev. John S. Brown, of Lawrence, Kan., giving an interesting account of the condition and prospects of his society, and asking if the Association would contribute something towards his support the present year. In view of the importance of the position occupied by Mr. Brown, it was voted that the sum of $100 be appropriated for his benefit.

A Committee was appointed, consisting of Messrs. Hedge, Clarke, and Lincoln, to take into consideration the subject of the next annual meeting.

Several other matters were discussed, and acted upon; and the Board adjourned, after a session of nearly three hours.

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* For the names of the donors, see "Acknowledgments," p. 191.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Since our last Notice.

The Soldier's Manual of Devotion, &c. Prepared by J. G. FORMAN, &c., for the use of Chaplains and Soldiers in the Army. Alton, Ill.: 1861.

This is another liturgy and hymn-book, adapted — and very well adapted — to wants of a different kind. It contains "a Form of Public Worship," a collection of hymns and songs, and a great variety of prayers and special services. It is small, and convenient to be carried in the pocket; and is the best manual for soldiers, we have seen. It is quite cheap too; and we wish for it a wide circulation.

Margaret Howth: a Story of To-day. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

We have not read this story (which has recently appeared in the Atlantic Magazine), but know that good judges speak of it in very high terms. It is written by a young lady residing in Wheeling, Va. It is a story on the *minor* key (so we are informed), very sad in its incidents and sentiment, and showing the dark side of human life as regards trial and sorrow, the bright side as regards patience and hope.

INTELLIGENCE.

Rev. CHARLES H. WHEELER has resigned the charge of the Society in South Danvers, Mass.

Rev. WILLIAM P. TILDEN has resigned the charge of the Society in Fitchburg, Mass.; his resignation to take effect the last of May next.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

1862.			
Feb. 25.	From	Society in Keokuk, Io., as a donation	$15.00
„ „	„	a friend, for the circulation of books	5.00
„ 26.	„	Ladies in Rev. Richard Pike's Society, Dorchester, as a donation	3.00
„ 27.	„	Subscribers to Monthly Journal, in Exeter, N.H.	2.00
Mar. 1.	„	Society in Groton, as a donation, additional .	8.25

Mar.	1.	From	Subscribers to Monthly Journal, in West Society, Boston	$22.00
„	3.	„	Rev. Ed. J. Young's Society, Newton Corner, for Monthly Journals	40.00
„	„	„	First Parish, Dorchester, for Monthly Journals, additional	7.00
„	6.	„	Society in Waltham, for Monthly Journals, additional	6.00
„	„	„	From Rev. Dr. Farley, trustee, as income of Graham Fund	108.50
„	„	„	Subscribers to Monthly Journal, in Dover	12.00
„	12.	„	Subscribers to Monthly Journal, in Hubbardston	4.00
„	„	„	Society in West Dedham, for Monthly Journals	11.00
„	„	„	Society in Greenfield, for Monthly Journals	10.00
„	15.	„	Subscribers to Monthly Journal, in Hawes-place Society, South Boston	12.00
„	19.	„	Rev. E. G. Adams's Society, Templeton, as a donation	45.00
„	20.	„	a friend in Sandusky, Ohio	2.00
„	21.	„	Rev. N. H. Chamberlain's Society, Baltimore, Md., for Monthly Journals	23.00
„	„	„	Rev. C. J. Bowen's Society, Baltimore, Md., for Monthly Journals	25.00
„	22.	„	Rev. E. B. Willson's Society, Salem, as a donation	160.00

ARMY FUND.

			Already acknowledged	$1,311.37
Feb.	25.	From	a friend	10.00
Mar.	11.	„	Society in Montague	6.00
				$1,327.37

INDIA MISSION.

The following sums have been contributed, to secure to the Association, for the support of Mr. Dall's Mission-school, the donation of $1,000, with eighteen months' interest, offered by Mr. Daniel Low of New-York: —

From	Hon. Albert Fearing	$50.00
„	William F. Weld, Esq.	50.00
„	Mrs. Parker	5.00
„	„ Lemuel Shaw	5.00
„	Robert Waterston, Esq.	25.00
„	Misses Newman	52.00
„	Hon. Jas. Arnold	50.00
„	William Endicott, jun., Esq.	10.00
„	R. C. Greenleaf, Esq.	10.00
„	Thomas Mack, Esq.	5.00
„	Mrs. Augustus Hemmenway	100.00
„	Misses Wigglesworth	50.00
„	Mrs. Nathan Appleton	10.00
„	Hon. John Prentiss	20.00
„	Edward Wigglesworth, Esq.	50.00
		$492.00
	Amount given by Mr. Low	1,090.00
	Total	$1,582.00

CANDIDATES FOR SETTLEMENT.

This list will be corrected monthly. Brethren desiring their names entered, or address changed, will please indicate the same to the Secretary of the A. U. A.

The * affixed to the word "Boston" indicates the address, — "Care of American Unitarian Association, Boston."

Preachers.	Address.
Horatio Alger, Jr.	Cambridge.
John B. Beach	Meadville, Penn.
La Fayette Bushnell, care of "Christian Inquirer,"	New York.
F. L. Capen . . . Care of Barnard Capen, Esq.	Boston.
William Cushing	Clinton.
J. H. Fowler	Cambridge.
Merritt E. Goddard	Cambridge.
J. L. Hatch	Boston.*
John W. Hudson	Springfield.
Lyman Maynard	Milford, Mass.
John Orrell	Boston.*
George Osgood	Kensington, N.H.
J. M. Peirce	Cambridge.
Thomas H. Pons	Boston.*
D. H. Ranney	W. Brattleboro', Vt.
James Richardson	Boston.*
Charles Robinson	Groton.
Ed. G. Russell	Cambridge.
George W. Stacy	Milford.
Livingston Stone	Cambridgeport.
L. G. Ware	Boston.*
Daniel S. Whitney	Southborough.
J. Henry Wiggin	Montague.
George A. Williams	Deerfield.
Martin W. Willis	Nashua, N.H.
Samuel D. Worden	Lowell.
William C. Wyman	Brooklyn, N.Y.
J. C. Zachos	Cincinnati, O.